

Michael Myers VS Jason Voorhees Part 4 of 10

by Stanley Kubrick Fan

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Summary: In this publically acclaimed tenpart fan fiction, taking place shortly after 'FREDDY VS. JASON', Jason Voorhees comes to Haddonfield, Illinois to reek havoc and become the king of violence and mayhem. Can Michael Myers stop him and become the crowning cha

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Fan-Fiction by Christopher Gallo

IV. Shelby, Sam, and Tommy Jarvis

Michael Myers sat there, blood dripping down his shirt to the floor next to the shattered glass in the mirror room that sat in the abandoned carnival. The blood seemed to echo off the glass, it said to him, "Jason let me escape. Jason Voorhees. You didn't know that was his name, did you? He kills young teenagers, teenagers who feel the urge to fuck and drink beer and sing their la-dee-da tunes. He destroyed Freddy Krueger and now he will destroy you. Unless...unless you get serious, kill anyone who gets in your fucking way. Kill the motherfuckers! When you kill Jason, you will go down in history." Michael stared at the brilliant shine of the blood and then stood to his feet. He grabbed his kitchen knife, which he had placed on a mirror top, then walked out.

Jason walked down the dirty road, the checkered cap fluttering around in the wind. His vest read, "I got this for my wife. Great trade!" Jason thought nothing of this homicidal rampage, he would get Michael Myers. But what about after? Who would he get then? He thought and the words flew through his mind, who to fight, who to fight, _who to fight?_

The Levi jeans were comfy over his stubborn, bloody legs. The shoes kicked the dirt as they progressed forward. This was his MO and he

would get Michael. If it...was the last...thing...he would do.

The detectives stared at the bloodied floor, and the headless victim. Chief Wagby walked out of the bathroom, "Oh my God, Shelby, you have to see this." She jogged to the door, "What?" Wagby pointed at the toilet. "Some guy cut off his head and threw it in the toilet. fucking sick shit if you ask me. Hey, you think it was-" and Shelby cut him off. "Michael? I know it was him. He's the man who murdered 70 people, and has the most violent record for Illinois. He beats deranged lunatics to the body count, and then adds them to the slaughter pile. And he killed my father, Dr. Loomis." Shelby Loomis. She stood there, and the head seemed to stare at her. She looked into the head's eyes, and saw her when she was young, her father, Dr. Sam Loomis in his office. "Daddy, when you're done, can we play?" Sam laughed and stared down at her, "My, yes, of course we can, Shelby! I have to finish this first though, don't worry, I'll be only but a few minutes." Shelby smiled and showed Sam her teddy bear she had with her. "Look what mommy bought me!" Sam smiled, "Yes, run along now." "Daddy." "Yes?"

"Who are you working on?"

"Why, Shelby, his name is Michael." Shelby jumped up, trying to see the picture of him. "Why are you working on him?" Sam closed the file with the photo. "This young man, Shelby, when he was very young, about your age, he murdered his sister." Shelby stopped jumping. "Oh, that's sad." Sam frowned and picked her up, setting her on his lap. "Yes it is. Ready to play?" Shelby smiled again, such a bright happy smile, "Yeah daddy!"

And then Wagby snapped his fingers. "Hey Loomis you okay?" Shelby flinched and then shook her head. "Yeah, Wagby go get the chief."

He sat on his bed, a scar running down his right arm. "I can't believe he's back in Crystal Lake. I thought we killed him. Dammit, why the fuck won't Jason die!" Tommy Jarvis opened his middle drawer in the dresser and removed the nine millimeter he had purchased last week. He grabbed the box of Winchester ammunition next to it and removed six bullets. Why won't Jason die? Because nothing can fucking kill him. Him and his bitchy mother, always fucking invincible. Tommy finished loading the bullets into the gun and then aimed at his head. Should I do it now? And then he removed it, No, save the bullets for Jason. And then he put it back to his head. Nothing kills Jason, what the fuck are you talking about, shoot yourself you fucking pussy ass little bitch! Do it you motherfucker, do it! He put the gun on his bed and walked to the closet across the room in the small apartment. He pulled out a black coat and then flung his arms in. Tommy grabbed the gun and tucked it in his pockets, then snatched his shades off the table, and put them on...coolly. Tommy walked out the door.

Jason spotted the man up ahead. He stood there with another man, and the two walked around with shotguns. He figured something was up. He walked up to them and they turned. "Earl, did ya hear? That maniac Jason Voorhees done gone and killed like ten motherfuckers! Hey Earl, why the fuck you wearin' a mask? And where the hell's your truck? I thought we were goin' ta hunt this bastard." Jason grabbed the shotgun from him. "What are ya doin' Earl?" The other man, Clyde, laughed. "He's bein' him weird fuckin' self. Come on you queer; gimme back the gun." Jason grabbed Clyde and the other man just stared.

Jason ripped the skin clean off of Clyde's head. The other man, Johnson, stared in horror. "Ah shit, you ain't Earl!" Clyde fell to the ground, the skin that currently surrounded his face, gone. Blood oozed to the ground. Johnson punched at Jason, but Jason grabbed his fist, and then twisted it until it popped off. Johnson screamed, and Jason bludgeoned him with it. Blood squirted out of Johnson's head and Jason forced open his mouth. He put the shotgun in it, and then pressed it up against the back of Johnson's mouth. Johnson screamed, but it was muffled by the shotgun, and then, the shotgun tore through his arteries, and pressed out of the back of his head. Jason pushed the shotgun further out until it was halfway out. Then he dropped Johnson's head and walked north. Then the voice came. "Jason." He stopped. "Jason, it's me sweetie, look into the sky." He saw his mother's face. "You did well on Elm Street Jason. But now, Haddonfield is your target. Make mommy proud, Jason. Make mommy proud."

Michael slowly walked behind the man reading the Hustler, and grabbed his face. The man screamed as Michael snapped his neck. Michael had made it to another gas station. This time, several men had been chasing him. "It's him, it's him, it's Michael fuckin' Myers!" Michael locked off the door, and they punched, pushed, and pulled, nothing could stop the barrier. Michael had taken the small casino machines and blockaded the door. He grabbed a box of matches he found next to the cigarette aisle, and walked out back. They didn't know he had left. Then he moved behind them and grabbed the gas pump. The crowd heard the whoosh of gasoline and turned around. Michael sprayed them with gasoline and a man screamed out, before his mouth filled with gasoline, "Oh my God, he's gonna blow us to Hell!" Michael lit the match off his mask and threw it in the man's mouth. The explosion boomed into the air. Fire broke out. Michael spotted a small man burning to death who had an axe in his hands. Michael grabbed him, and ripped his right arm, with the axe, off. Michael shook off the arm and walked off with the axe. The night was young. Too young to find Jason though, so he walked on until he got to yet another neighborhood.

Wagby ran towards Shelby, "Loomis, a fire broke out at the gas station down on Penny Road! They think it was Myers!" Shelby dropped her cup of coffee to the ground and it shattered. Coffee splattered the floor. She jumped in the squad car, and removed a shotgun from under the seat. The bullets were already loaded, so she drove off, the other police cars following behind.

End
file.